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KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

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TOGETHER WITH

ADDRESSES AT ANNUAL MEETINGS, MEMORIALS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

ALSO,

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SAMUEL WALKER.

Written for the Kansas State Historical Society by CHARLES S. GLEED.

LITERARY merit must not be looked for in this sketch. The story, as told, is a simple series of historical fragments strung together on the thread of a single life, like beads and buttons threaded for children at play. Samuel Walker is not one about whom a writer can consistently presume to be extravagant in any direction. He is now, as he always has been, an unpretentious citizen, making himself useful exclusively in the ordinary walks of life, except when the exigencies of current events call into action his power to think and act quickly and with utter disregard of personal physical danger. He is a Lawrence liveryman, with but little leisure to talk of old times, and even less inclination than leisure. He tells his story at the point of the interviewer's bayonet, and tells it with such seeming indifference to his own participancy that the pronoun "I" almost takes itself out of the first person into the third.

With regard to the form of presenting the sketch, the only two questions considered have been, first, what will best keep up the interest of the narrative? and, second, what will be most convenient for the writer? The entire sketch, whether given as quoted or not, is substantially a repetition from Walker's words. The names of persons and the dates will, with perhaps a few exceptions, be seen to correspond with those given in Wilder's *Annals of Kansas*. Those who are familiar with Kansas history will perceive that the events here described are included in a very well-defined epoch. Walker's *Annals*, of course, extend clear through the troublesome days; but, until some future time, the record after 1856 cannot be published. Nothing remains to be said now except a few words as to the philosophy of this history. This cannot be more briefly or more clearly stated than by quoting the words of Hon. Eli Thayer. He writes:

"There were three methods, and only three, by which the slave-state advocates in Kansas and elsewhere could contend against us: First, by competing in the emigration to Kansas; second, by murder and outrages against our settlers; and third, by inciting a rebellion on our part against the United States government. For the success of the first method there was no chance whatever. Our machinery for securing emigration to Kansas was in perfect order and we could put into the territory ten actual settlers where they could put in one. The second method would be still further from success, for the reason that, however much the Northern states would tolerate the aggressions of the slave power made according to law, they were determined that no aggressions contrary to the law should be successful. Hence, every outrage of the border ruffians in Kansas only stimulated emigration and made more firm the determination that Kansas should be free. There never was a free-state martyr in Kansas whose death was not good for at least 100 new free-state settlers. Both of these methods, then, gave no hope. The only remaining one was to excite a Northern rebellion against the government. In this method there was real danger to our cause and to our country, for its success would have given the slaveholders absolute power for a long time, perhaps for centuries.

This theory of the case, it is believed, will be found to accord with Walker's facts. The reader may judge for himself.

PRE-KANSAS DAYS.

Col. Samuel Walker was born of Presbyterian parents, on the 22d day of October, 1822, near the village of Loudon, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. His father was a well-to-do farmer and distiller. His grandfather, Samuel Walker,

emigrated from the north of Ireland before the revolutionary war, and preempted the piece of land upon which Colonel Walker was born, near old Fort Loudon. This fort, it will be remembered, was built by Braddock as the extreme eastern outpost of the settlement. Colonel Walker's grandfather served in the war of the revolution as a private, and his father served in the war of 1812 as a private in one of the Maryland regiments. His mother was a Rankin, of Scotch-Irish descent, a Presbyterian, and a Christian in every sense of the word. He had seven sisters, all of whom joined the Presbyterian church at an early age, though he himself has never been a church member. At one year of age he was stricken with hip disease, and until he reached his fourteenth year was a cripple, and able to do but little for his parents in the way of work. The three months of district school held every winter in his district was two miles away, and by reason of his lameness he was prevented from ever entering a schoolroom as a student. His first fifteen years were passed on the farm, a constant sufferer, with no hope of recovery. A fugitive remedy, however, was finally found, which brought the leg to its normal length, though there has always been more or less pain. His father quit the stilling business when Colonel Walker was nine years of age, and died when the boy was fourteen years of age, leaving the mother with a crop to harvest and some debts to pay. It had always been the custom to furnish harvesters with all the whisky they could drink, but when Mrs. Walker came to hire her men the young son prevailed upon her to give no whisky, but to make a slight increase of wages instead. The neighboring farmers predicted that Mrs. Walker would not be able to get her crop cut; but, as a matter of fact, it was cut quicker, better and cheaper than ever before. The next year another farmer adopted the same plan, and in a few years not a drop of harvest whisky was used in that part of the country.

At fifteen years of age Walker was bound out to learn the cabinet-maker's trade, the conditions being that he should work three years for his board and washing, his mother to furnish him clothing. This new experience was more of a hardship than it otherwise would have been, because it made it necessary to go at least fifteen miles away from home. In nine months, however, the cabinet-maker died, and until another could be found Walker worked for a farmer. Thus the years of the young man's apprenticeship passed in the ordinary way, as also the first few years of his experience as a journeyman.

At twenty-one years of age Walker married his present wife, Miss Marion E. Lowe, a native of Loudon, Pa. By this happy union came nine children—five girls and four boys; names and order of birth as follows: Elizabeth E., James Lowe, Mary R., Harriet R., Fannie, Minnie Bell, Oliver B., Charles, and George.

Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war Walker and a companion named James Myers enlisted under Captain Campbell, of Campbellstown, Pa., who had authority to raise a company. But by the time the company was full the government had all the men it could use, and so Campbell and his company were never mustered in.

In the spring of 1849 Walker removed to New Paris, Preble county, Ohio. The Dayton & Indianapolis railroad was just surveyed to that place, and property of all kinds was held (or rather sold) at high figures. A little later it came to be held at low figures, Walker finding himself with property which he had purchased for \$3,000 and which he could not sell for more than \$400. The railroad had come and gone, taking the town with it.

Soon after Walker's settlement at New Paris the cholera broke out, and there, as in many other parts of Ohio, the mortality was terrible. Speaking of his experience in this awful time, Walker says: "My wife was the first victim of the

plague in our town. What a panic it created! In less than two days every one who could possibly do so had left. The town was nearly deserted. Not people enough had remained to care for the sick. Parents would fly from their children, children from their parents. Brandy was used by the barrel as a preventive. I was then in the undertaking business, and many a corpse I was compelled to place in its coffin without assistance. I think many brought on the disease by fright and the use of brandy. I was contently engaged waiting on the sick and burying the dead; and I owe my escape, I always thought, to my refusal to use stimulants of any kind and my exemption from fright." It may not be out of place to remark just here that this scrap of history furnishes an epitome of Colonel Walker's most prominent characteristics.

WESTWARD WANDERINGS.

In the winter of 1854, Major Woods, who had been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, came to New Paris and gave such glowing accounts of Kansas that a number of families who were "holding" property as before described determined to make Kansas their home as soon as the government would treat with the Indians. Walker was one of the first to make this determination, and accordingly in the following spring he made his first trip to Kansas, in company with Oliver Barber, Thomas Barber (afterward killed in 1855 by the border ruffians), and Thomas Pierson. The party took a steamboat at Cincinnati for St. Louis, as at that time there were no railroads west of Indianapolis. At St. Louis the party was transferred to another boat, by which they reached Kansas City, at that time only a small landing-place for Westport. It had, in the way of buildings, only a small hotel, a warehouse, and a few small dwelling-houses. Westport, on the contrary, was one of the liveliest places the party had seen in all their trip.

Arriving at Westport on the 1st day of May, 1854, Walker and his companions went directly to a livery-stable kept by Samuel Jones, afterward the notorious Sheriff Jones, of Kansas. Jones asked where the members of the party were from, and, on being told, he remarked that "no d—d abolitionist could get a team from him." He added to this emphatic remark the advice that Walker and the rest had better turn about and go where they came from. If the Indians (then in Washington) ceded the country to the United States the South was going to have it, and "no d—d northern nigger stealers should settle it." The party went to several other stables and met with a similar reception. None would render them the least assistance toward getting into Kansas. Finally, however, a merchant of Westport, named Colonel Boone, offered to find a Shawnee Indian who would help the travelers on their way. The Indian was found, and agreed to do as requested if the party would help him plant his corn. The corn was soon planted. Once more on the move, the party all along the way met with such encouragement as had been given them by Jones at Westport. The unvarying sentiment among the many who were going to the territory from all parts of the South was one of pronounced hostility to the North and all its influences.

Reaching the present site of Lawrence, the party took a look at the country from where the new university now stands, and made up their minds at once that it was "God's country." This was on the 10th day of May, 1854. The next place to attract particular attention was the present site of Topeka, and the next was where the town of Easton was subsequently located. From Easton the party returned to Weston, Mo. The Indians had just reached home from Washington, having concluded the treaty which opened the territory. On the same boat with the returning Indians came David R. Atchison. Walker, and perhaps others of the party, heard Atchison say to a crowd in the barroom of the hotel that the treaty was made, and that if the South was coward enough to

let the damned Yankees come in and settle the territory it (the South) did not deserve to be free. Walker says: "Everything which could be thought of was said to insult us, and it was hard, many times, not to retaliate. But we knew that discretion was the better part of valor, and so we 'kept our mouths shut.' I am satisfied that had it not been for the landlord we should have been roughly treated." The party retraced their steps to New Paris, having a pleasant though uneventful journey.

On the strength of their recommendation, about forty families in New Paris and vicinity prepared to leave at once for Kansas, but by reason of various unforeseen delays all were compelled to remain until spring. Accordingly, on the 1st of March, 1885, the children of New Paris, headed by those who had already been to spy out the land, set out for their new homes in the West. Of this Walker says:

"Bidding all our friends an affectionate farewell, we left by rail for Cincinnati. There we found a boat loading for Kansas City, on which we easily secured passage. Everything went well until we reached St. Louis. Here we were informed that the boat was too large to go up the Missouri river, and we were compelled to take passage on another boat, called the 'Chambers.' This boat afterward blew up, with all on board, just as I wished it would. We found on the 'Chambers' a number of Southern families with their slaves going to Platte county, Missouri. We had paid cabin fare, but we were not allowed to go to the first table with the Southern 'ladies' and 'gentlemen.' The election of the 31st of March was coming on, and we were charged with being a lot abolitionists coming to Kansas to vote. All kinds of insults were heaped upon us. At every landing a crowd of roughs would come aboard 'to see the damned Yankees.' On our arrival at Boonville a delegation of citizens came on board and held a consultation with the captain. What the delegation had to say may best be judged from the fact that the captain soon came to us and stated that his boat could not carry us any further up the river, as the water was low. We demanded some of our passage money but could get none, of course. The captain said if we would wait there until the river rose he would take us to our destination; but the moment we got ashore he backed off and headed up stream with the exultant Southerners all on board.

"That night I attended a meeting in Boonville. It had been called to raise recruits to go over to Kansas to vote. Handbills were posted all over town offering 'three dollars per day, and grub and whisky,' for recruits. At the meeting flaming speeches were made denouncing the North and advising those about to go into Kansas to shoot down the first Yankee who might offer to vote at the ensuing territorial election. One man walked up to the speaker's desk and slapped down \$1000 and said he would give that as his share, adding that the money was secured by the sale of a 'damned nigger.' The next morning 150 of these men started for Kansas, well armed and with flags flying. Of course they were supplied with whisky, three barrels and sundry smaller receptacles filled with this infallible Yankee exterminator having been loaded into the wagons.

"Our party was obliged to lay over, and either secure teams with which to finish their journey into Kansas, remain where they were in Missouri, or get back to Ohio as best they could. I had money enough to buy one yoke of oxen; Ross Hazeltine bought a yoke, and Thomas Barber lent us a wagon. The others secured vehicles as best they could; and, thus outfitted, our party left Boonville, composed of the following persons: Thomas Barber (afterward killed by the border ruffians), with his family, Robert Barber and family, William Hazeltine, son, and family, William Hazeltine, jr., and family, Ross Hazeltine and family, Eras-

tus Hazeltine and family, Robert Hazeltine, Thomas Pierson and family, George Costley and family, Harvey Costley and family, Mr. Kinzey and family, William Meairs and family, Lewis Duffee and wife, Doctor Borton and family, myself and family, and a number of young men, among whom were Doctor Miller, Bloom Swaine, Alex. Meairs, and George Hay.

"None of our party had any money, except the Barber brothers, Mr. Pierson, and Doctor Borton. The third day after we started we began to meet the border ruffians from Kansas. We received all kinds of insult and abuse from them. They would come into our camp at night and tell our women that they had just been up into Kansas and killed a thousand abolitionists, and that when our party got fairly settled they were coming again, kill off the men, and take them (the women) for wives. We had to stand it, as our numbers and the character of our party would not permit of any serious retaliation. One day, however, the program was slightly changed. We had encountered a large delegation of Missourians, who were all drunk and very noisy. I was driving the foremost team. Just as the party came up one fellow jumped down from the wagon where he was riding, ran up to me, snatched off my hat, and started away with it. Before I thought what I was about I whirled my ox gad in my hand and brought him a whack on the head that laid him out. Our people were all alarmed, fearing the blow would be avenged; but, fortunately for us, the fellow's companions cheered me loudly, and said I had served him right.

"We could not buy anything from the farmers because we were Yankees—or at least Northerners. At night the slaves would bring us in eggs, butter, oats, corn, potatoes, and such other articles as we needed. In this way, with what we could pick up along the road, we were enabled to live.

"As we were going down the hill near the crossing of the Big Blue it was sleeting and very slippery. One of my little girls jumped from the wagon, slipped, fell under the wagon, and one wheel passed over her leg, breaking it in two places. The nearest house to be found was the residence of a Baptist minister. I asked him to allow me to bring the child into his house. He refused, giving as his reason for objection that we were from the North and opposed to slavery. This lovely man of God was kind enough, however, to lend me a plank upon which to lay the little girl while the broken leg was being set. From this time until we reached the Shawnee nation I could not get leave to take the suffering child into a house at night, though the weather was very cold for that time of year. Of such was the hospitality accorded us by the natives.

"Arriving in Lawrence, we found a small collection of mud huts, dugouts, etc. Our party had expected to settle as a community, but we could not find any single body of land such as we wanted, and so every man started for himself. We all started in what is now known as Kanwaka township, Douglas county, Kansas. I selected my farm on the California road, seven miles west of Lawrence. There were then no cabins west of me nearer than Big Springs, where several families had settled. Several more families from Illinois had settled further north, where Lecompton now stands. A man named Burgson had a cabin on the present site of Clinton, and another man named William Jessie had a cabin on the present site of Bloomington. Judge Wakefield was the only man living in what is now Kanwaka township, Douglas county, when I pitched my tent, on the 12th day of April, 1855. Not a sign of civilization was to be seen, but in a week's time I counted twenty dugouts, tents, and cabins. In thus beginning life over again, my worldly wealth consisted of a wife and five children (two of the latter sick), one yoke of oxen, one sack of flour, 100 pounds of bacon, eight dollars in money, and the tent which sheltered us. With this we commenced to

make a farm. In a few days I got a job making rails near where Lecompton now is. I was not a success at rail making, as I could only earn fifty cents per day.

"About six weeks after we made our beginning, I was at work one day on my cabin, when a body of about 150 mounted men came in sight. I at first supposed them to be United States troops, but as they came nearer I saw that they were border ruffians. The leader advanced near me, and I saw at once that it was the same Jones who had given us such a doubtful blessing one year before at his stable in Westport. Jones first wanted to know where in h—l I was from. I told him I came from Ohio. 'G—d d—n you,' was his rejoinder; 'you had better go back there quick; we are going over to the river (meaning Lecompton) to clean out a lot of damned abolitionists.' They went away, and in about two hours I could see the smoke from the burning cabins. In a short time Jones and his party came back. He stopped and said he would give me two weeks to get out, as he was coming up at the expiration of that time to drive all the damned nigger stealers from the territory.

"As soon as the Missourians were out of sight, I dropped my ax and started around the settlement to let my friends know what was up. I traveled all night afoot, and the next day eighty-six men met at my cabin. We organized ourselves into a military company, calling it the Bloomington guards, and choosing for it the following officers: Captain, Mr. Read; first lieutenant, Mr. Vermilya; second lieutenant, Doctor Miller, and myself first sergeant. This was the first company organized in Kansas. None of us knew anything about drill, but Judge Wakefield, who was a very fleshy man, said he had served in the Black Hawk war and could teach us the tactics. Accordingly, the judge was duly installed as drill master of the Bloomington guards. This position he continued to hold creditably to himself and to the advantage of the company until one day he ordered us to charge. This was the rock that wrecked us. The judge, fat as he was, led off at a good, smart pace, and his troops came thundering at his heels. The judge struck his foot against a snag, and over he rolled, a half-dozen or more of the guards tumbling on top of him. The judge resigned. Having no arms, the guards made a levy of two dollars each and sent Captain Read to Massachusetts after Sharp's rifles. The captain never came back, but, just before the invasion of Lawrence, in December, 1855, eighty Sharp's rifles came to my charge from Boston. As soon as I received the rifles I notified the company to meet me at night on the Wakarusa. This was done, and that night we returned to Lawrence a well-equipped army of eighty men.

"While the distribution of rifles was going on the border ruffians at Lecompton somehow heard what I had received, and so came down to search my premises. They found no arms, of course; but to make assurance doubly sure they set fire to my haystacks, corn, and other crops, and destroyed everything we had. Winter was at hand. No work was to be obtained. We had no floor or loft in the cabin, and nothing but a small cook-stove to keep us warm. I made up my mind that, from that day forward, until either the border ruffians or ourselves were driven from Kansas, I would live at their expense; I kept my resolution. Sometimes we had plenty to eat; sometimes we had nothing to eat; but through it all we managed to live."

BORDER BURDENS.

During the summer of 1855 the life led by Walker and his family was by no means an adventureless one, notwithstanding the fact that the border ruffians caused them no inconvenience. Indeed, the new settlers of to-day, who come in on railways and secure farms within reach of all those things most essential to civilization, may consider themselves in clover as compared with the people here

described. For instance, when and where Walker settled there were no wells and very few springs. The best water to be found was in holes on the prairie. The cattle drank from these holes, and the water, before it could be used, had to be carefully boiled. One day Mrs. Walker left the clothes lying in the tubs where she had been washing, a short distance from the cabin, and went to dinner. Returning a half-hour later, she found that a drove of wild hogs had overturned the tubs and devoured the entire contents. The family had no underclothing left. During this time Mr. Walker supported his family largely on wild game, deer, and wolves. When the time came for planting he was compelled to travel as far as Westport in order to secure the various kinds of seed necessary. He paid five dollars a bushel for potatoes, and could of course afford none for family use.

In June, 1855, a party of emigrants came along hunting claims, and hired Walker, at five dollars a day, as a guide. The second day out they discharged him. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon, and he struck out for home, thinking that he could reach it by nine o'clock. A terrible storm overtook him, however, and, to begin with, he was drenched to the skin. It grew dark early, and he found himself alone on the prairie with no weapons about him, the prairie-wolves howling on all sides, and not a light in the sky to guide him on his way. Trudging along through the tall grass, suddenly he lost his footing and rolled down and down, hundreds of feet, as it seemed to him. He had fallen from a high, steep bluff overhanging Deer creek, and landed in the midst of the remains of a dead and fast decaying Texas steer. He says:

"The steer softened my fall, but left me in a decidedly odorous condition. I was terribly frightened, and tramped on my level best. At last I realized that I was lost, and I returned to wait for daylight. The wolves kept up a continual din, and although I hardly thought they would dare to attack me I feared to lie down. I finally secured a tolerably comfortable lean against a scrub oak and dozed there until sunrise. Judge of my surprise when in the morning I discovered that my cabin was not over 100 yards away. I have been lost on the prairie a number of times, but never passed such another frightful night."

When the bogus legislature met at Shawnee Mission, Walker, who was making a trip thither, lost a valuable yoke of oxen. They were Missouri born and bred, and Walker concluded that they had abandoned their free-state bed and board and pulled out to visit their sisters and their cousins and their aunts in the place of their nativity. He went to Westport but could find nothing of them. Continuing his search, the shades of night overtook him a few miles south of Westport. He was afraid to approach any human habitation, and accordingly he lariatied his horse and lay down on the grass, with no covering but the starry mantle of night and a thin summer coat.

"A terrible rain came on and I felt like a drowned rat. I determined to venture into some Indian cabin, and tried several, but failed to find a lodging. At last I found a house more pretentious than the rest, and asked a boy if I could stay all night. He said 'No! By and by bad Indians come, bring whisky, make hell of a row, chopee head off damn quick.' I determined to risk bad Indians rather than wild woods. The woman of the house got me some supper and made me a bed in her own room. About nine o'clock I was aroused by a series of the most unearthly yells it was ever my privilege to enjoy. I feel certain that the border ruffians secured that perfection of elocution for which they were noted from these same Shawnee Indians. About thirty men and women rode up to the house and dismounted. They had a ten-gallon keg of whisky with them. They all entered the house, arranged themselves around the keg, and proceeded to ar-

range themselves around its contents. They dipped it out and handed it around, all the time singing, laughing, and yelling. Two big fellows stood apart and never tasted a drop.

"I remember that their wrists were painted blue, and am inclined to think they originated the blue-ribbon movement. Every now and then some one would get up, come over and look at me, and give me a shake. I lay still and let on to be asleep. When any two of the revelers got into a quarrel the two sober ones would lay them out in short order, and when a man got thoroughly soaked the same two would drag him off and put him to bed. They kept it up all night, and in the morning those who were still able to kick got on their ponies and rode off. When I got up I counted six squaws and nine bucks lying promiscuously in a heap, all dead drunk. I have seen many sprees, but never another like that."

In August, 1855, Governor Shannon made his appearance in the territory. He went to Leecompton (which consisted then of a few shaky shanties), rolling in a fine coach, drawn by six Mexican plugs. He was attended by about 100 border ruffians.

"As he was from our state," says Walker, "several of us went over to hear what he had to say. When he got out of the carriage he could hardly stand. He made a speech to the crowd, stating that he was from the North, but had no sympathy with the so-called free-state party; that that party consisted of a lot of damned abolitionists, whom he hated; that the laws of the bogus legislature should be enforced, and that he had the whole power of the general government to back him. There were several free-state men standing together, whom he evidently recognized. He kept looking at them, and, pointing at them, said: "I have no sympathy with negro stealers." We finally left, completely disgusted, and well satisfied that we had nothing to expect from him, and he did not give us cause to change our views during his whole administration."

FIRST FURROWS OF WAR.

Things were quiet in the territory until November; at that time Dow was killed, and the invasion of Lawrence followed. When Walker and party arrived in Lawrence they were ordered to report to Colonel Holliday, of Topeka. He set them to throwing up earthworks on Henry, between Massachusetts and Kentucky streets. It was warm weather when the party began work, but on the second night one of those terrible Kansas "northerners" swept down on them and caused a good deal of suffering. Lane would allow no fires to be built, although many of the men had nothing but summer clothing.

"At about twelve o'clock midnight," says Walker, "I received an order from Colonel Holliday to take ten mounted men and ride out to Franklin and find out what the enemy were at. Picking up the best squad I could find, I proceeded to obey the order. We discovered nothing of the border ruffians until we reached Franklin. There the pickets were all gathered around the fire. We rode around their camp and came in upon them from the southeast. They suspected nothing and talked with us freely. Their purpose was to enter the town about day-break, raze it to the ground, and drive the inhabitants out of the territory. They were clad as thinly as we were. We finally discovered ourselves to them, and at length succeeded in compromising the matter and getting them to go back home. The cold weather had more to do with it than anything else.

"Our company fared well in Lawrence. We had plenty of frozen vegetables, poor beef, and corn bread. It was the best the town afforded, however, and we were satisfied to get plenty of that. When we were discharged I started straight for home. A disheartening sight awaited me there; my hay, corn, stable and

implements were gone. No shelter of any kind was left for my stock, and mighty little stock was left for my stable, if I had one. The hardest winter I have ever seen in Kansas set in. Oh, it was cold, wet, and dismal. My wife, however, was cheerful, calm, and serene, never complaining at any hardship. Many a day that winter we didn't know where our next meal was coming from, but somehow or other it always came.

"Things were generally quiet during the winter of '55 and '56, nothing occurring except the killing of Mr. Brown, near Easton. Word came to Lawrence that Mr. Manard and his friends were surrounded in their house at Eaton by 500 Kickapoo rangers. At ten o'clock p. m., January 6, I received an order from General Lane, instructing me to proceed with ten mounted men to Lawrence, where I was to join 200 others. It was a cold and stormy night; the wind howled dismally through the tree-tops and the wolves made night hideous with their incessant wailing. The snow fell in blinding clouds, and, piled by the winds in huge drifts, rendered the roads well-nigh impassable. Presently the sky cleared, and the aurora borealis, gleaming in the far distant north, lit up the landscape far and wide. By its brilliant light I was able to discover in the hollow near by at least fifty deer, sheltering themselves from the wind, which was still blowing keenly. Attracted by the sound of my horses' feet, as I rode away to notify the men, they approached within fifty yards and followed for a considerable distance. I fired my pistol at them but they were not in the least alarmed. You can imagine my feelings during that ride.

"Early the next morning, accompanied by twenty men armed to the teeth, I started for Lawrence. Arrived there, I found that no one else had yet responded. We were the only ones ready to go to the rescue of our suffering comrades at Easton. Colonel Dickey, of Topeka, one of the bravest of free-state men, was to lead the expedition. We reported to him, and, having secured two days' rations, crossed the river at once, and, without waiting for reinforcements, made for the scene of action. It was storming again and five of the horses gave out. The snow was over three feet deep, even where there were no drifts, but Colonel Dickey determined to push on, and at nine o'clock at night we reached a suitable camping place, near where Tonganoxie now is. Our packhorse, disgusted with the prospect, broke loose and went back to Lawrence, but there were cooked rations enough left among the party for supper and breakfast, and, kindling a fire, we succeeded in making ourselves tolerably comfortable for the night.

"In the morning a Mr. Wright came along and urged us for God's sake not to make an attack with so small a force, but to wait for reinforcements from Lawrence. Colonel Dickey called us together and said that he did not desire to lead us where the odds were so heavy against us unless we were willing and anxious to go. Every man in the party scoffed at the idea of turning back, and we were soon under way again. Arrived at Wright's house, five miles from Easton, we halted for the night, and by the next morning sixty free-state men from the surrounding country had been notified to join us in the attack, but when we were ready to start not a man had reported. We decided to push on, however, and were joined on the road by Mr. Sparks and his two sons. Just as we reached the timber adjoining the town of Easton, a man ran out of a cabin, and, addressing our new recruits, said: 'For God's sake, Mr. Sparks, don't go into that town. There are 500 rangers there, and they will murder both you and your sons.' Colonel Dickey turned to the party and said: 'Is there a man here that wishes to turn back?' 'No, no!' was the unanimous reply. 'We won't leave a ranger in this town!' 'All right,' said the colonel, 'follow me'; and into the town we went, pell-mell, shouting at the top of our voices, our horses on a keen jump,

and our arms all in readiness. Imagine our feelings of relief in finding the street entirely deserted. Not a ranger was to be seen; they had left three days before.

"Manard had about twenty men with him in a large log house. He had been attacked by about fifty rangers, but when only a few shots had been fired the storm came on and drove the ruffians home. The dread of the ruffians was so great that not a soul had dared to venture out of the house to learn the true state of affairs. We stated that we were the advance guard of a column 1000 strong, and in a few hours everything was at our disposal."

Soon afterward Captain Graver dashed into the village at the head of a squad of fifty men, thus confirming the impression created by Captain Manard. The news flew like the wind. At Kickapoo it was rumored that Lane was coming, and the inhabitants immediately crossed the river to Weston, on the Missouri side. They were so alarmed that if the small force had advanced Kickapoo could have been captured easily. When the boys returned to Lawrence, at twelve o'clock at night, the whole town turned out to receive them, bells were rung, cannon fired, rockets exploded, and, better than all, a splendid supper was prepared for them by the ladies of Lawrence.

The old settlers will never forget that winter. The mercury went down lower and lower, until it registered twenty degrees below zero, and remained at that point for several weeks. No one was prepared for it; provisions had run low; no money was to be had, neither any employment. Mr. Walker was driven to such an extremity that he went to Lawrence, searched for work all day, and, being unsuccessful, went to Lane's house in the evening, stating that his family was starving and that he would do anything—chop wood, make rails, or anything else. Lane informed him that he could give him no work, but that he could have an order on the store for eleven dollars, which amount he could pay back when able. Mr. Walker bought flour and bacon and sugar and coffee with it, and started home through the deep snow. He says: "My wife got up, made some batter cakes, fried some bacon, and made some coffee. Such a meal I had never enjoyed in my life."

The early settlers used wild sorrel for pies and wild peas for soup. Wild plums and gooseberries were also very plentiful that year. In the spring of 1856 emigrants passed into the state very rapidly, the road leading into the territory being crowded with them. As a consequence of this emigration, the small stock of corn in the territory sold for fabulous prices, at one time selling as high as \$2.50 per bushel, with all other necessaries of life in proportion.

In March, 1856, Walker went to Topeka as a member of the legislature from Clinton. Mr. Walker's name, and also that of Mr. Tooton, does not appear in "The Annals of Kansas" as members of that legislature, although the former served one term and the latter two.

On the 1st of April, 1856, Colonels Buford and Titus arrived in the territory with a force of 1000 men, recruited in the South, and made their headquarters at a distance of three miles from Walker's house, building a very strong blockhouse one mile from Lecompton, and also one on Washington creek, at the same time throwing up earthworks and garrisoning them strongly. At Franklin they stationed 150 men, with a brass six-pounder. Their first overt act was an attack on Mr. Nicholas, by which they sought to drive him from his claim on Washington creek; but Nicholas rallied some of his neighbors, sent to Lawrence for aid, and eight men, headed by Walker, started to his rescue. One of the men, named Luke Allen, had a red shirt, similar to that worn by the Georgians. When about five miles southwest of Lawrence, an officer was observed riding down the Wakarusa. He was mounted on a splendid horse, had a fine sword at his side, and

pistols and bowie-knives in his belt. Behind him were three heavy-laden wagons, drawn by two yoke of oxen, both teams being strongly guarded by a detachment of men. They were conveying supplies from Lecompton to Franklin.

The captain, seeing Luke Allen, and supposing him to be a border ruffian, inquired the way to Franklin, saying that he had come in that direction in order to avoid Lawrence and also to wipe out an abolitionist who had jumped the claim of a friend of his near by. Hearing that Nicholas was strongly fortified, he said that he would wipe him out upon his return. Before the words were scarcely out of his mouth the rebel leader became painfully aware of a displeasingly large number of carbines at his head, and he was told that he had got among the wrong men. Being at some distance from his followers, he was forced to dismount, which he did with ill grace, as he was a brave fellow. In the meantime Walker and Allen climbed up the bank and awaited the approach of the train. As the weather was very warm, the rebels had put their rifles into the wagon cases, and, having seen the captain talking with Allen did not apprehend any danger. They rode up and inquired as to the whereabouts of the captain. They were told that he was down in the ravine just a little way ahead. As they passed by, Walker and Allen leveled their rifles and ordered the entire party to surrender, which they did. Not a shot was a fired. Among the articles captured were one bay horse, six yoke of oxen, three good wagons, loaded with flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, salt, canned fruit, five kegs of powder and a large quantity of lead. One drum and fife, one barrel of whisky, nineteen rifles, twenty revolvers and bowie-knives and one gold-mounted sword completed the list. The captain begged piteously for his horse and sword, saying the ladies of Mobile had given them to him, and that he would prefer death to their loss. Walker, to whom the sword and horse had been given, returned them to him.

SHANNON SHOWS HIS HAND.

About the first of June, 1856, General Whitfield led a party of 250 men into Kansas, to avenge the capture of Pate by Shores and Brown. The border ruffians had a cannon at Franklin, and a number of men, of whom Walker was one, determined to capture it. They secured a guide, who professed to be able to lead them to the exact spot where the cannon was located. The cannon, it may be remarked, was guarded by 150 men in a strong blockhouse near by. Under command of Captain Cutler, the little band of fifteen started. It was a dark and dismal night, yet they kept up good spirits, until, upon their arrival at Franklin, their guide deserted them, thus leaving them in a strange place, where they could not see a yard ahead in the darkness. Suddenly they were startled by the challenge of a sentry. Lying down, with their faces to the ground, they saw a man apply a torch to the cannon, and immediately a discharge was heard and a ball passed over the spot where, but a few seconds before, they had been standing. The rebels opened fire from the blockhouse. It was returned, and a constant battle of musketry was kept up until daybreak, when, knowing the superior numbers of the enemy and fearing that the United States troops would come up, the detachment was about to withdraw, when, to their surprise, they saw by the dim morning light that the cannon and the blockhouse were deserted.

The rebels, it seems, went back to Westport, spreading the news that Lane was after them with 500 men. Had this been known in time the cannon could have been captured. Already the firing had awakened the United States troops, but they were afraid to move until daylight. Not one of the brave settlers received a scratch, the balls all going over their heads. Walker says:

"In the morning we proceeded to Major Abbott's and got something to eat.

Here we found about seventy-five men assembled, all anxious to meet Whitfield, who was said to be at Baldwin City. At Hickory Point we found eighty more who wanted to join us, and I was elected to the command. Brown and Shores were camped about two miles to the southwest of him. In the morning we marched out to attack Whitfield. He seemed to have hard work to get his men into line. Just then Colonel Sumner, with a force of United States troops, came upon the field, got in between us, sent Whitfield back to Missouri, and brought us back to Lawrence. He spoiled a pretty little battle. The border ruffians outnumbered us, but we were better armed than they, and were fighting for our homes and they were not; yet, after all, we were glad that Sumner came. I could not stay at home, as Colonel Titus had out a reward on my head; my house also being near his headquarters and on the public road, it was unsafe for me.

"Early in May 600 border ruffians came and camped on my claim, some 500 or 600 yards from our cabin, where they stationed a picket, and made every passer-by give an account of himself. If it was not satisfactory he was taken to headquarters. A number were arrested in the presence of my wife. They told her that she would never be disturbed, but that if they ever caught her husband they would string him up. My wife would bring something to eat to where I was concealed, in the Wakarusa timber, about four miles away, at the same time giving me all the information she could get. Many of the settlers were very badly treated, especially by Titus's troops. There was a very bitter feeling against him. Everybody's horses were taken away, and over 400 cattle were driven off to Missouri. Very little corn was raised that year."

At last the imminent destruction of Lawrence led to the assembling of 700 men, Walker among them. They could have defended it easily had it not been for the actions of General Pomeroy, Roberts, and a few others, who insisted that they should lay down their arms and submit to the United States marshal. At that time Robinson was a prisoner, Lane was gone, and there were no men left who could be looked to as leaders. Several appeals were made to Governor Shannon for protection, but all in vain. The day before they came in, the committee of safety, with Gen. C. W. Babcock at the head, determined to make one more effort. A letter was drawn up, addressed to Governor Shannon, asking for his protection, but no one would venture to carry it. General Babcock, chairman of the committee of safety, requested Walker to carry it, offering him a horse and a red shirt, thinking that if he was attired in that manner he could pass through safely. Mr. Walker shall tell the story in his own words:

"My road led me past the camp of the border ruffians and past my own house. Not seeing any pickets, I supposed that they had gone into the camp on account of the rain. I went into my cabin to get my overcoat, leaving my pistols in my holster and my old musket at the door. Imagine my surprise on entering to find the guard all in the cabin, a sergeant and six men. As good luck would have it the children were all asleep except the two oldest, who were posted about me. I said nothing, and my wife said nothing. The sergeant asked me where I was going and where I was from. I informed him that I lived on Washington creek, a settlement of pro-slavery people, that I was a member of the grand jury then in session at Lecompton, and that I was not well. I suppose my looks showed that. I asked for an overcoat. My wife said she had one that belonged to her husband, and that I could have it if I would promise to return it. I took the overcoat and left. When I reached the door two men from Missouri came up. They were both heavily armed and well mounted. I told them the same story, and as they were going to Lecompton and believing me to be all right, they told me what was going to be done; that the United States marshal would take his

posse into Lawrence, make his arrests, and then disband them and clean out the town; that they would burn and sack it, and then drive out every abolitionist in Kansas and appropriate their improvements. I sided with them; told them that if they went back South this time to say that the Yankees were getting very sassy.

"When we got near Lecompton we met a man who knew me—Mr. James Curlien. He asked me where I was going. One of the men spoke up and said that I was a member of the grand jury. 'The hell he is,' was all the reply I heard, for I left them just then, not wishing to argue with them on the subject. In a few moments the men came thundering along. I knew that I should have trouble. Dropping my old musket, I drew my revolvers and got ready. When they came up, one of them said: 'Now, damn you, tell me what you are going to Lecompton for.' 'To carry a message to the governor,' I replied. 'They want protection down there.' Putting spur to their horses, they dashed into Lecompton before me. When I reached the town, a man named Corbet, who lived five miles southwest of Lecompton and, though a pro-slavery man, was bound to me by personal favors done him, stopped me on the road and told me that I must not enter the town; that a party was forming to take and hang me. He told me to give him the letter to the governor and light out for his home, where he would bring me the answer. Looking up the road, I saw five mounted men riding like mad towards me, and yelling at the top of their voices. I threw Corbet the letter, and, turning, put my horse on the run. It was soon evident that my pursuers were better mounted than I, and the balls began to whistle around me uncomfortably close. I made for a ravine, and was soon out of sight in the timber. Giving up the chase, the four men went back to town and reported that they had killed the damned Yankee and left him lying in the road.

"That evening Corbet brought me the governor's reply, setting forth, in substance, that the citizens of Lawrence were all traitors, and could, therefore, expect no protection from him. Corbet said that there were several parties looking for me, and that if I wanted to get back to Lawrence I must go south and cross the Wakarusa near Clinton, then east till the border-ruffians' pickets were passed, then north into town. The night was pitch dark and the Wakarusa very high. I missed the crossing, and my horse went down the stream and was drowned. I succeeded in getting out, and, by careful maneuvering, reached Lawrence about daylight, with the governor's letter. The committee advised us to hide our arms, saying that no harm would be done when it was found that the parties sought were not in the city. Captain Abbott, Stone, McWhinney, Saunders, Wright, Leonard, Umbarger and myself determined to take our company and leave. The Stubbs company hid their weapons, and were captured almost to a man. The captain's rifle was taken by a Missouri captain. I afterward had the good fortune to recapture it for him.

"That evening we waylaid a provision train returning from Lawrence, and captured several wagons laden with plunder. Leaving the men camped on the Wakarusa, Henry McClellan and I went to Topeka, and were the first to convey the news of the sacking of Lawrence to Colonels Holliday and Ritchie. The people of Topeka were fortifying and expecting the raiders any day. Setting out in return at twelve at night, we lost ourselves on the prairie, between the town and the Wakarusa, and wandered for several hours. There was not a house then between Topeka and the Wakarusa. In those days no one dared to take a direct route from Topeka to Lawrence. The usual way was to go south to the Wakarusa, then east on the south side of that stream, and then north, crossing at the place where the poor-farm is now. We wandered about till daylight, and then found

ourselves about two miles out of Topeka. We had circled around, hour after hour.

"At that time the prospects for the free state party looked worse than ever before or since. Our leaders were either prisoners in the hands of the United States troops, or were away, back East, looking for aid and succor there. There were but four free-state companies with anything like a complete organization. After the sacking of Lawrence, Captains Abbott, Shores, John Brown, sr., and John Brown, jr., had a few men with them, while Captain Mitchell, of Wabaunsee, and Captain Saunders, had a few more. Two companies at Topeka and my own company were about the only ones that kept up their drill. Our forces did not amount, all together, to more than 400."

WALKER VS. SHANNON.

About this time Walker received notice at his rendezvous on the Wakarusa that Captain McDonald was about to raid Walker's cabin and burn everything belonging to him or any of his connections. Walker picked ten men at once, went directly to his house, sent his family away, cut port-holes for his guns, appointed lookouts, and retired late at night to catch a few minutes' rest. At two o'clock the lookout reported a troop of horsemen approaching from the northeast. In a moment every man was at his post. It was one of those magnificent moonlight nights for which Kansas is famous. The whole landscape was clearly and completely lighted up, and the maneuvers of the assaulting party could be as well distinguished as if it were day. There were about thirty of them, and they rode leisurely up to the house, not expecting any resistance. McDonald's orders were distinctly audible to the ten men peering from the port-holes. "Left, front, into line! Prepare to dismount! Dismount!" They all fastened their horses to the fence and filed into the yard without any particular orders. Not till the last man was inside the fence was there any demonstration from the house, and then out spake ten Sharp's rifles, and four men lay wounded on the ground. The rest scattered in an instant. One man left his coat tail and a bottle of whisky hanging on the picket fence, and several even put off afoot, leaving their horses for the "damned nigger stealers" to care for. Two men were captured, and four horses. John Shannon, son of the old governor, was in the party, but escaped unhurt. One of those taken was a notorious desperado named Wauffle. This man had lived next to Walker for some time, and, when sick and deserted by friends, Mrs. Walker had cared for him in the kindest manner. This fact was generally known, and it was with difficulty that the good lady restrained her husband's fellows from stringing the villain up then and there. When day broke Walker ordered his men to scatter, and retired himself to the house of a friend to sleep.

Governor Shannon, as soon as he heard of this occurrence, called out several companies of militia and about three companies of United States soldiers, under Captain Sturges, an old friend and playmate of Walker's. The governor's son had not yet got back to Lecompton, and was reported killed. The old man determined to avenge John's death, and rode in company with his troops to Walker's cabin. Walker says:

"The governor swore he would have my scalp before night. He asked my wife where I was. She said I had gone and taken all the spoils of last night's fight with me. Shannon grew very angry and attempted to ride into my cabin. Captain Sturges, however, caught his bridle and held him back, at the same time ordering a couple of soldiers to guard the door. Shannon then ordered the men to scatter, and take all the horses they could find, to pay for those they had lost the night before. Some of the party went to the house of Captain Thomas,

and while there let fall the remark, 'I believe Walker can be found over at Robert Barber's.' Mrs. Thomas immediately dispatched her little daughter Dolly to inform me of the state of affairs, and asked the men to stay and dine with her. The little girl was presently missed, and suspecting what had been done the men jumped on their horses and rode straight to Barber's cabin. In the meantime Dolly had arrived and told her story. I was on the alert at once and retired to the back yard, there to meditate in the tall grass and weeds. When Shannon's men got to the house and inquired for me, Mrs. Barber told them that she knew nothing about me. They then asked whose horse that was picketed out in front. Little Dolly spoke up directly and said it was her's, and that she had just come after it. That satisfied them, and as Dolly mounted my pony to ride home the men mounted theirs and continued their investigations.

"As soon as the coast was clear I left for the Wakarusa and waited there until evening, believing that my cabin was burned and my family homeless. A poor man's cabin, be it ever so small and humble, is as dear to him as the finest mansion to the rich. When evening came I started for town. Reaching the claim of Captain Barber, and while trudging along lost in thought I was suddenly startled by the tramp of horses, and looking ahead of me beheld coming along the road Governor Shannon, Colonel Titus, Captain Sturges with about fifty soldiers, and young Spicer, whose father's property I had often, as guide, saved from the ravages of our troops. They were coming single file, Spicer first, Titus next, then Shannon, and then Sturges followed by the men. I jumped into a clump of bushes not ten feet from the path and cocked my rifle, determined to kill the governor at least, if I was discovered. But God willed it otherwise. The first three of the party happened to be examining some object off at one side of the road, and did not see me. Captain Sturges and men all noticed and recognized me, some smiling, some nodding, and some giving the military salute. The governor went into the house of William Hazeltine, whom I had been with the night before. He found Hazeltine at home and, after abusing him and his wife soundly, arrested him and kept him a prisoner for four months. He captured several more of my friends, but never succeeding in proving anything against them.

"I went on my way after the governor and posse had passed, and soon met Captain Bickerton, who informed me that my family was safe. It seems that about two hours after Shannon left my house Colonel Titus came along and peremptorily ordered my wife to clear out, giving her two hours to move our furniture. Through all her hardships in Kansas my wife had never shed a tear until now. She spent little time in idle weeping, however. With the assistance of the children she soon got all the household goods into the road, and, in the evening, Thompson Wakefield came along and took her to his father's house to stay over night. Bickerton told me, besides all this, that the country was full of parties in search of me, and that I must lie down in his corn-field and sleep an hour or so while he stood guard over me. At midnight he woke me up, and, pointing in the direction of the California road, bent his head to listen. We heard distinctly the tramp of horses' hoofs and some one calling my name. I readily recognized the voice as that of a Mr. Hoyt, a friend of mine who was afterwards killed at Fort Saunders. He brought welcome news. Captain Cutler, hearing of my situation, had come up to Wakefield's with thirty men to escort me to Lawrence. They had met a small party of the enemy and fired on them, but nothing serious had resulted. I was soon with them, and Hoyt insisted on my riding his horse home. The rest all walked. I was very thankful to Cutler and his men, for it was no agreeable task to march twelve miles and back again in the

night-time. Those were strange days. The free-state men were bound together like brothers, and would do anything for each other.

"We were under arms, in constant readiness, for several days after that. Finally, I got anxious and insisted on reconnoitering my neighborhood once more. Near the United States camp, west of Lecompton, I met a solitary horseman. He was well armed with shot-gun and pistols. His horse was a good one and he started to run. I ordered him to halt, which order, backed by a couple of bullets, soon had the desired effect. I took his gun and revolvers and made him ride ahead. Pushing south we soon struck the Wakarusa timber, and then I tied my man to a tree and rode into Clinton. Finding Alfred Curtis, I told him I had a pet lariat out in the woods. When Curtis and I got to the place my 'pet' thought that his time was come and begged like a good fellow, promising, if let off, to go straight home to Alabama and not say a word to anybody. We stripped off everything valuable he had, and that night I escorted him to South Lawrence and let him go. He started in the direction of Westport but the moment I was out of sight he turned and put for Lecompton. Arrived there, he had Curtis and me indicted for highway robbery. A day or two after the boys from Lawrence and Captain Abbott's company attacked the fellow's store in Franklin and cleaned him out of everything. He left there, and did, I think, go home to Alabama.

"When the legislature met at Topeka a large number of free-state men gathered there, with no fixed object in view but just to be on hand if anything should turn up. As I said before, our leaders were either away East or in the hands of the enemy. Colonel Sumner was at this time camped near Topeka with about 600 men. The evening before the opening of the legislature

- Colonel Sumner sent me a note, saying he wished to see me at his camp on important business. I went, and found the colonel surrounded by United States marshals and deputies and a large party of distinguished pro-slavery men, among them Governor Woodson, General Stringfellow, General Strickler, Judge Cato, Judge Elmore, and others that I did not know. My surroundings didn't suit me exactly. I felt uneasy. Colonel Sumner said to me: 'The marshal and the governor both say that if I attempt to disperse the legislature to-morrow you fellows will resist; that Lane is on the other side of the river with 400 men, and that you can command a thousand more on this side.' 'That's all nonsense,' said I. 'There are not 400 men in Topeka. Lane is out of the territory, and no one will think of hindering either you or the marshal in the discharge of your duties.' The marshal jumped up and commenced pacing up and down. 'Do you pretend to say,' he demanded, 'that the governor and I would misrepresent the facts in the case to Colonel Sumner? If he should go into Topeka and attempt to read the governor's proclamation he would be shot down at the end of the first line.' 'Bah!' said I, 'no such thing. I am not armed, but I'll go with the colonel and stand before him till he reads all the messages in Kansas, if you say so. There will be no resistance.'

"On that a Texan named Perkins, an officer in the regular army, sprang up and handed me his pistols, with, 'By God, as good a fellow as you sha'n't be without arms, if I can help it.' The governor stared at the marshal, and the marshal stared at the governor. They began to lose confidence in the troops, and well they might. Many a night, after being hounded all day by the United States soldiers under the marshal or governor, I have walked into their camp and received the treatment of a prince—food and ammunition, more than I could carry away. Colonel Sumner called me to one side and said: 'Walker, I do n't want to hurt any one; you are all right, and have my sympathies; but the gov-

ernment is against you, and I must obey the government. If the members will disperse quietly, there need be no trouble.' He then dismissed me, and I went back into Topeka. Many of the number had publicly proclaimed that they would not leave the hall alive; that they would resist to the death. I did not tell any of them what Sumner had said, for I wanted to see how many of the brave legislators were ready to die.

"Morning came, and all was excitement and bustle. The legislature was out in full force, soothed and sustained by the plaudit of the ladies and the muskets and uniforms of the 'Topeka guards.' Fiery speeches were made and grand resolutions passed. They would willingly die on the altar of freedom, but would never retreat or surrender. One fine speaker was especially eloquent and brave. He soared aloft like the eagle, and in words of burning patriotism exclaimed: 'The eyes of the world are upon us. We represent a great cause, and must be true to it. I know not what others may do, but as for me, I will never leave this hall except at the point of the bayonet.' Just at that moment Colonel Sumner dashed into sight. The artillery wheeled into position and let fly a blank discharge. Colonel Sumner, with his bodyguard, rode up to the door of the state-house, and the 'Topeka guards' melted away like dew before the morning sun. The legislature was ordered in stentorian tones to disperse, but it was not there to hear the order. It was gone, all gone—pretty legislators and pretty guards. And the orators, where were they? Ask of the corn-fields and hazel brush that for miles around concealed their quivering forms. The ladies were the only ones to stay quietly in their places. Alf Curtis and I were all that stayed to represent the 'grand cause'; he, because he really had a brave, true heart; I, because my country was dear to me, and—I knew the colonel would n't shoot. A few ladies returned presently, and, seizing Sumner the moment he dismounted, literally carried him into the hall and up to the speaker's chair. He refused to accept so distinguished a position, however, and, freeing himself, began reconnoitering the premises. The member who had been speaking when Sumner came up made his exit through a back window, jumping fifteen feet to the ground, and through the dust of his exodus could dimly be seen in the far distance a flying coat tail and a pair of heels punishing the ground forty-five strokes a second.

"A. D. Richardson, correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and one of the best and bravest fellows I ever met, accompanied me that night to Lawrence on foot. We took a long circuit, and stopped at my cabin about daybreak for breakfast. Colonel Sumner came along and I had considerable conversation with him. He said, among other things, that I must go home and stay there; that ours was the right side, but the government was against us, and we could not hold out against that. Colonel Sumner was soon after removed and General Smith put in his place; Col. P. St. George Cooke, however, to direct command. He was a Southern man, but a friend to the free-state people, as was also Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, afterward general in the confederate army.

"About that time I received a note from Governor Robinson, then a prisoner in the United States encampment, asking me to visit him. Accompanying the note was a pass from Major Sedgwick. I concluded to go, and, taking a circuitous route, succeeded in getting within a half a mile of Lecompton without meeting a soul. Just as I was congratulating myself on my safe journey I ran into a deputy United States marshal and two men that I had met before. One of them was the fellow who left his coat tail and whisky bottle on my picket fence. I afterward learned that the deputy had a warrant for my arrest."

The marshal had taken that roundabout way to get to Walker's house, expecting to find him at home unprepared for visitors. The marshal asked to be

directed to his residence, saying that they had lost their way. He was informed that he could be directed to the house, but when he asked whether the captain was at home, Walker said "no," that he was the man himself. The three men then came toward him, holding out their hands as if in welcome. Walker told them to keep away, as it was his rule not to shake hands with any man unless he knew his business; that if they would give their word of honor that they had no writs for him and would not molest him, he would let them come nearer. They pledged themselves, and said that their only desire was peace; that they had been sent out in order to take him to Lecompton in order to see if an arrangement could not be effected that would put an end to so much bloodshed. The whole party then shook hands, sat down, and a conversation ensued, Doctor Brooks being their spokesman. He boasted of their strength and that of the South, saying that they had always had a contempt for the Yankees, but that they had changed their minds since they had fought against them. The marshal told Walker that if he would go to Lecompton the next day a buggy would be sent for him, but Walker begged to be excused, first thanking him for his kind intentions.

Upon arriving at the United States camp, Walker found Governor Robinson, Judge Smith, the two Browns, Williams, and other prisoners, all enjoying themselves as nicely as they could when surrounded by 600 troops. The governor informed Walker that General Lane was coming from the states with 400 men, and that General Richardson had passed over from Missouri with 500 men to intercept him; that Lane was camped near Nebraska City, and that no communication could be effected with him. He asked Walker to return to Lawrence, select fifteen men, and be back at the camp some time that night, in order to start from Topeka and find a route to Nebraska City. He also wished Walker to ascertain Richardson's position, if possible, without coming in conflict with him, saying that he had sent Doctor Root on the same errand a short time since, but that he could hear nothing from him. Walker was furnished \$200 for his expenses. At that time there were no white inhabitants north of Topeka until the Nemaha was reached, in Nebraska. The country all belonged to the Indians, and there were no roads except Indian trails, and no fords across the streams. Walker was given an order for a fine saddle-horse belonging to Governor Robinson, and a pass from the major to enter the camp.

That night Walker returned to Lawrence, selected the men, and was back to his cabin by seven o'clock that evening, accompanied by fifteen brave men. They were thoroughly armed and well mounted. At the cabin he found a man named Buck Scott, then a slave of one Bishop, at Lecompton. This Scott always kept Walker informed as to the movements of the border ruffians. Many times he would ride into Lawrence at midnight, tell Walker what was contemplated, and return to his post before morning. They could not make a move without its being known in this manner. Poor Scott would not have lived a day had they known what he was doing. Many times in recent years articles have appeared, written by different persons, claiming to have given information that was conveyed by Scott alone. He trusted no one but Walker. This negro informed the latter that Judge Wood expected that the marshal would capture Walker, and that when the marshal returned Wood called him a d—d coward, saying that he would take him himself, upon which the writs were given him. Scott further informed him that a party was coming out that night, and commanded by Wood, to capture him. Walker deferred his trip for that night, and, sending the horses to the timber, awaited the coming of the posse. Walker says:

"They did not come; but if they had we would have given them a fine recep-

tion. In the morning I sent the boys to await us at Big Springs, keeping George Earle with me. I went to the United States camp to get our money, and found orders from Governor Robinson. He was uneasy at my delay, but being informed of the cause appeared satisfied. I received the money and his final orders to get the party through as fast as possible, as the border ruffians were overrunning everything. Just as we came out of the prisoners' tent we met the same deputy and the same two men of the day before. I asked him the time of day, but he did not seem to wish to talk. He rode away to Captain Sackett's tent, spoke to the captain, and then galloped away to Major Sedgwick's headquarters. As soon as his back was turned, Sackett said: 'Get out of this as soon as God will let you. The marshal has a warrant for you, and is after a posse to take you.' We saw him talking to the major and pointing toward us. We mounted our horses and got a mile away before 'boots and saddles' sounded. At Big Springs the marshal gave up the chase.

"Arrived at Topeka, we found that Doctor Root had returned. Captain Frost was there also with thirty men, and the report being confirmed that Richardson was waiting to fight the immigrants, he concluded to join us. Our party only numbered forty-eight, but we thought we could 'clean out' Richardson for all that. We pushed on and reached the Nemaha falls at about — o'clock. There we met a Kickapoo Indian, who informed us that Richardson was encamped at Marysville with a large force, and that a detachment was camped about two miles from there, up the stream. We decided to investigate the detachment at once, but on arrival at the point designated found, instead of border ruffians, old Captain Brown, his son and son-in-law, and ten others. They were making their way out of the territory by the way of Nebraska. Cutting loose from the Topeka company, who were on foot, we pushed on with Brown to Nebraska City, where we heard that the Lane party was encamped. Riding all night, we reached our friends about daybreak.

"We found a splendid body of men, 350 in number, well armed and equipped. Many of them are now the foremost men in the state. Mr. Howe, of Boston, Colonel Eldridge and Colonel Dickey seemed to be in command. Lane was away in Iowa, keeping out of the hands of the United States marshal, who was after him for bringing armed men into the territory. I told Mr. Howe that if he would push on in our trail he could pass Richardson and join the Topeka company at the Nemaha falls. It was decided that Lane must not accompany the party, as his name might cause trouble with Richardson. A letter was prepared and directed to Lane stating the decision, and I, as a well-known friend of Lane, was appointed to deliver it. Geo. Earle and I left our men at Nebraska City and crossed over to Civil Bend, where Lane was. We found him at Doctor Blanchard's and gave him the letter. After reading it he sat for a long time with his head bowed and the tears running down his cheeks. Finally he looked up and said: 'Walker, if you say the people of Kansas don't want me, it's all right, and I'll blow my brains out. I can never go back to the states and look the people in the face and tell them that as soon as I had got these Kansas friends of mine fairly into danger I had to abandon them. I can't do it. No matter what I say in my own defense no one will believe it. I'll blow my brains out and end the thing right here.' 'General,' said I, 'the people of Kansas would rather have you than all the party at Nebraska City. I have got fifteen good boys that are my own. If you will put yourself under my orders I'll take you through all right.' He assented, and Doctor Blanchard set to work to disguise him. Mrs. Blanchard brought out some old clothes, but Lane looked more like himself in those than in the new ones. The doctor undertook to use nitrate of silver on the grizzly old

veteran, but it did n't seem to have any effect. We agreed that I should go back to Nebraska City, and get my men, while Doctor Blanchard pulled Lane across the river in a canoe.

"Lane and my little company reached the place appointed for meeting at about the same time. He was readily recognized, and the boys, who did n't know he was coming, nearly went wild over him. We found some emigrants twelve miles south of the city, and camped near by them. Here I received a message from Lawrence urging me to return as soon as possible. I told Lane the news, and he said we must get down there by the next night. The streams were full and no fords. Lawrence was 150 miles away. Lane rode that distance in thirty hours; the rest of us had to give it up.

"Our party now consisted of about thirty persons, we having been joined by old Captain Brown and his men. The captain left his wounded in a place of safety, and determined to go back with us. Accordingly we struck out for Lawrence, Lane leading. All that night he pushed on, halting a little just before morning to let the horses graze. The boys threw themselves upon the grass, and were soon fast asleep. Brown himself went some distance from the camp, sat down with his back to a tree and his rifle across his knees, and also went to sleep. When Lane got ready to go ahead he directed me to go and awaken Brown. I found the old man asleep, leaning against a tree, as described, and not thinking of danger, I put my hand on his shoulder. Quick as lightning he was on his feet, with his rifle at my breast. I struck up the muzzle of his gun not a second too soon, as the charge passed over my shoulder, burning the cloth of my coat. Thereafter I never approached Brown when he was sleeping, as that seemed to be his most wakeful time.

"At about ten o'clock that night we reached the Kansas river, opposite Topeka, our party having been reduced to six, the others giving out, one by one. We could not cross the river by ferry, as the ferryman lived up in Topeka. The only chance left was to ford. My horse was the only one able to swim across with its rider. The others refused to swim and one was mired in the quicksand. Lane and Charlie Stratton swam over. Going into town we three got something to eat, the first we had had since leaving Nebraska City. Lane and Stratton got fresh horses and we started for Lawrence, though it was raining as hard as it could. Before I reached my home I fell off my horse three times from the effects of hunger and fatigue. Each of the three times Lane helped me to my saddle again. On reaching home I could go no further. Stratton continued two miles before he gave up; and Lane went into Lawrence alone, reaching there at three o'clock in the morning.

"When Lane left me at my house he ordered me to go in the morning to Bloomington, collect as many men as I could, establish a camp at Doctor Macey's, on Washington creek, and stay there until I got orders from him to move, no matter what should happen. By night I had collected sixty men, and before morning over 200 more came into camp. News was received from Lane that he had captured Franklin and got possession of the old cannon 'Sacramento.' A number of his men had been killed and wounded, but, all things considered, the news was good. Lane ordered me not to make any move on Fort Saunders until he came up. Captain Hoyt proposed to go into the fort in order to find out the strength of the border ruffians, supposed to be 200 strong, but in reality only 100. They were commanded by Captain Treadwell, a brave man from Tennessee. The fort was a two-story log blockhouse, about twenty-five feet square, with port-holes above and below, and surrounded with splendid earthworks. It stood on the open ground on a high bluff on Washington creek,

from which it was visible from any direction. Army officers said to me, during the war, that that little post was as strong a one of the kind as they had ever seen, and that 100 men could have defended it against 1000 without artillery. We all remonstrated with Captain Hoyt, but it was of no use; he said he was a Mason, and that he had no fears. He started about nine a. m., and it was the last we ever saw of him alive.

"The fort was about three miles from our camp. It was but a short time until word was brought that Hoyt had been killed. The excitement was intense. The men demanded to be led against the post at once. I told them about my orders from Lane, and said that he would surely be there that night with the cannon and reinforcements from Lawrence, and furthermore that we could not take the post without losing many men. But the excitement got greater and greater. Finally the men declared that I was a coward; that if I was not, I would lead them on. I told them I would not take the responsibility after having received my orders to the contrary, but if they wished they could elect another man to lead them and I would follow. Captain Amberger was then chosen. He at once stepped out and ordered the men to fall in line, but myself and three others were the only ones that responded. The captain then quit in disgust. The boys concluded to follow my advice, and it was well that they did so, for if the attack had been made that day our force would have been beaten and a large number would have been killed.

"In the night Lane arrived, with about 200 men from Lawrence and the captured cannon taken at Franklin. Captain Shombri, from Richmond, pushed ahead with what mounted men he had. He came in the night, and our force now numbered about 500 men. In the morning Lane sent Captain Shombri with about fifty mounted men to bring in the body of Hoyt. It was found about a mile from the fort, with a little dirt thrown over it—not enough, however, to cover the feet. When it was brought in it worked the men up to fighting trim, which was just what Lane wanted. Collecting all the wagons he could get, he had poles cut about as long as a man, and then tied hay to one end of them; placing them in the wagons, it produced the impression that they were filled with men. When we climbed the hills in sight of the fort, about three miles off, we made a big show in front with our mounted men behind the wagons, and, still further behind, the men on foot. At a distance it looked like an army of 1200 men. We could see the enemy standing on top of their blockhouse, looking at us. They did not hesitate long, but, mounting their horses, left in a hurry, leaving everything behind them—dinner cooking, 1100 Springfield muskets that never had been taken out of the boxes, large quantity of powder and lead, a great number of wagons and horses, flour, bacon, sugar, and coffee—in fact, stores of all kinds. It was just what we needed.

"When we reached the fort and saw how strong it was, we all felt glad that they had left. The boys were feeling in high spirits because I had obeyed Lane's orders. After the plunder was all gathered up I noticed that something was happening at Mr. Campbell's house, just in sight of the fort. Mr. Campbell was a pro-slavery man, and owned slaves. Going over to the house, I found a young lady with an ax in her hands, brandishing it, and declaring that she would kill the first one that attempted to enter the house. A number of the men were disputing with her about entering, but they all knew that she would hurt the first one that offered to go in. Coming up, I told her our only object was to search for arms and border ruffians—nothing else would be disturbed. She said that I might take one man and search the house. We found Mrs. Campbell fanning a beautiful young lady, a sister of the one at the door. She was in bed, and ap-

parently had fainted. I asked what was the matter. Her mother said that she was frightened to death. I informed her that I was a good doctor, and could cure her. Reaching under the clothes, I drew out a fine silver-mounted rifle and a navy revolver. The young lady sprang out of bed, threw her arms around my neck, and begged me not to take them, as they belonged to her cousin in Missouri. I told her that she was better off without them, as they had evidently made her very sick.

"In the evening Lane called us all together and turned the command over to me, and without another word of explanation or advice of any kind he turned, put spurs to his horse, and galloped away toward Topeka, followed by fifteen men. That was the last we saw or heard of him for a long while. When we did hear of him he was building a fort near the falls of the Nemaha. Lane never gave any reason for his strange conduct on that occasion. There we were, 500 men, and in reality with no commander. Not knowing what to do, I marched the men back to camp, and making the best disposition of the plunder that I could, I ordered the men to disband and go home to Lawrence. Most of the men had gone when I left the camp. I started to Mr. Barber's to get some rest, as it had been a long time since I had had any. I had just got there, eaten supper, and retired, when a man rapped on the door and asked me to get up, saying that a fight was going on at Judge Wakefield's. Reaching Wakefield's, I found the Lawrence men and the others that I supposed had gone home, all there on the road in front of Wakefield's in the worst kind of confusion. It seemed that I had scarcely left camp when a messenger arrived with the information that a party of emigrants coming through had lost their way and got into Lecompton, and that they were going to be hung in the morning. Runners had been sent out and everybody brought back. They then started in a mob for Lecompton. Arriving at Wakefield's, the head of the column met Colonel Titus, who had 400 men, coming out to burn Wakefield's house and those of other settlers. A fight at once took place. Titus retreated, with a loss of one killed and several wounded. None of the free-state men were seriously hurt.

"Coming up to the men, I asked them what they intended to do; told them it was utter nonsense to try to rescue the prisoners, for the governor was there, the United States troops were there, and Titus alone had double the number of men that we had. The United States troops, I said, would obey the governor. I told them it was better that fifty men should be shot than that all of them should be cut to pieces. At last I persuaded them to wait until morning, hoping that in the meantime something would happen which would change their minds. It was a night never to be forgotten by me. It had always been our policy not to come in contact with the United States troops. Major Sedgwick, one of our best friends, was in command. His camp was two miles southwest of Lecompton and one mile west of Titus's fort. In a conversation with the major some time before, he stated that if we could attack and capture Titus before the governor sent orders to him that he would not interfere, but that if he got the orders he would be compelled to stop us. As I have said, it was a night of intense anxiety to me. There lay 500 determined men, bound to march to Lecompton in the morning. The governor was prepared by this time and would have troops in readiness to oppose them. It would be certain destruction to attack.

"All that night I slept but little, and kept hoping something would happen to turn them from their mad purpose. Daylight began to break. I could see no way out of the difficulty and had given up all hope, when the stage from Lecompton to Kansas City drove up to the door of my cabin where a number of men were (the balance having camped a short distance away). The driver called

me to one side and asked me whether I wanted to take Titus; that if I did now was the time. He said that in the skirmish of the night before Titus's men had become scattered, and that the greater part of them were in Lecompton, thinking that we were coming there. He further said that Titus had only fifty or sixty men with him. Here was just the thing. I felt satisfied that by the time the men got through with Titus they would not want to go to Lecompton. Mounting my horse, I went to the camp and ordered every man that had a horse to follow me; the rest to stay and cook breakfast, and follow after us. I believed I could take Titus by surprise, and gain an easy victory.

"Arriving near Titus's camp, I counted the men and found there were just fifty. I then divulged the information I had received, and divided them into three squads. I gave ten men to Capt. Joel Grover, with instructions to get between Titus's Lecompton troops and those of the United States, and allow no messenger to go to the camp—all of which he did to the letter, arresting several within sight of the United States camp. I gave ten men to Captain Shombri, with instructions to place his men along a fence that ran in front of Titus's house, and about 200 yards from it. I took the balance of the men, and attacked the camp, a short distance from the house, and drove them out of the grove, so that, when the enemy retreated from the camp to the house, Shombri, with his Sharp's rifles, could rake them. If he had done as he was directed he would in all probability been living to this day, but the moment that we charged the camp Titus was standing in his door, and he called to his men to come into the house. Shombri, seeing the move, mounted his men and dashed up to the door of the blockhouse. There were a number of men already in the house taking aim through the port-holes. When Shombri had advanced to within six feet of them they fired, and at the first round killed the captain and wounded every man but one. A steady fire was opened on us from the blockhouse. We sheltered ourselves as best we could behind trees, fences, and outhouses, and returned the fire, but in a short time we had eighteen out of the forty now comprising the attacking party wounded. At one port-hole there seemed to be stationed a man who was doing the most execution. I ordered some men from behind a stable to fire into it. They informed me that several had tried it, but had been wounded. I got off my horse and took a rifle from one of the men, but just as I got the rifle to my shoulder a musket was stuck out of the hole. Both guns were discharged at once. I do not know what effect my shot had, but I received three buckshot in my breast and a man behind me got eleven. The shock was hard enough to knock us both down, but the wounds were not dangerous. The men jumped and picked me up; then springing up they poured such a hot fire into that hole that there was no more firing out of it.

"The fight was kept up for several hours but without any effect on the fort. At length some reinforcements came in sight, and Captain Bickerton brought the cannon to within 300 yards of the fort and let loose, hitting it nine or ten times, but I soon saw it could not be battered down. Sending some of the men a short distance for a load of hay, we backed it up nearly to the blockhouse and had the torch ready, when a white flag was run out as a token of surrender. Twenty-seven men marched out, six were badly wounded, and one was found dead. Riding up, I asked who was in command. Captain Donelson replied that he was. I inquired as to the whereabouts of Colonel Titus. He answered that he did not know. I was certain that he was in the house and therefore sent several men in to search for him. They could not find him and I sent them again, as I was determined to burn everything. At length the men returned with him. He was all covered with blood, having received several severe wounds. The moment he

was seen a hundred rifles were leveled at his head and he shook like a leaf. Seeing me on my horse he cried, 'For God's sake, Walker, save my life! You have a wife and children; so have I. Think of them and save me.' He was a pitiable object and his appeal touched me. After ordering the arms to be taken out, and everything belonging to the ruffians to be burned, I took Titus into the stable. The men were intent on his life, and I had to knock one fellow down to keep him from shooting the poor wretch on the spot. While I was talking to Titus in the stable the troops outside grew more and more angry, until I began to fear for my own life. I determined to make a last appeal to them, and stepping to the door said: 'Colonel Titus sits here wounded and bleeding. He can make no resistance. I love him as little as you do, but in his present condition I should be ashamed to touch him. But if in the crowd of brave men there is one sneaking and brutal enough to shoot a wounded and defenseless man, let him step up and do the deed.' Thank God, no one offered himself.

"When I came to examine the spoil I found we had 400 muskets, a large number of knives and pistols, thirteen fine horses, a number of wagons, and a fair stock of provisions. Thirty-four prisoners taken. While the house was burning, a man dashed out of it with a satchel in his hand. I snatched it from him and threw it back into the flames. He had it again in a moment and was off. Titus informed me that that satchel contained \$15,000 with which he had intended to pay his soldiers off, in a few days. The money was from Virginia. The thief got away with the swag, but it did him little good. He died a miserable death in the far West.

"Having plundered Titus's house in the presence of governor and the troops, my boys felt well satisfied with their morning's work, and willing to leave the rest of Lecompton alive. By this time, 200 or more of the Lane party had come in and were ready to march back to Lawrence. We made quite a show, as we filed slowly out of town, 'escorted' by Major Sedgwick, his troops, and the noble governor, who kept urging the major to attack us. The major declined, however, saying that we were too strong for him.

"When I arrived at my cabin I was at my wit's end once more. Judge Wakefield was there, from whom Titus had stolen a number of horses and cattle, and whom he had abused in other ways time and time again. When the old judge learned that I would not allow Titus to be shot, he made a violent speech, urging his immediate execution. My wife went back on me, too, so to speak, and declared if I did not give the villain up she would never live with me again. This started the boys once more, and it was all I could do to keep order. He would have been torn limb from limb had I not prevented.

"At a little way out from Lawrence I met a delegation sent by the committee of safety with an order for the immediate delivery of Titus into their hands. Knowing the character of the men I refused to give him up. Our arrival at Lawrence created intense excitement. The citizens swarmed around us, clamoring for the blood of our prisoner. The committee of safety held a meeting and decided that Titus should be hanged, John Brown and other distinguished men urging the measure strongly. At four o'clock in the evening I went before the committee, and said that Titus had surrendered to me; that I had promised him his life, and that I would defend it with my own. I then left the room. Babcock followed me out and asked me if I was fully determined. Being assured that I was, he went back, and the committee by a new vote decided to postpone the hanging indefinitely. I was sure of the support of some 300 good men, and among them Captain Tucker, Captain Harvey, and Captain Stulz. Getting this determined band into line, I approached the house where Titus was confined and

entered. Just as I opened the door I heard pistol shots in Titus's room, and rushing in I found a desperado named 'Buckskin' firing over the guards' shoulders at the wounded man as he lay on his coat. It took but one blow from my heavy dragoon pistol to send the villain heels-over-head to the bottom of the stairs. Captain Brown and Doctor Avery were outside haranguing the mob to hang Titus despite my objections. They said I had resisted the committee of safety, and was myself, therefore, a public enemy. The crowd was terribly excited, but the sight of my 300 solid bayonets held them in check.

"On the following day Governor Shannon and Major Sedgwick came to Lawrence to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. They held about thirty of our men and we forty of theirs. It was agreed to 'swap even,' we surrendering all their men, including Titus; they to hand over all of our men and cannon they had captured at the sacking of Lawrence. I insisted very strongly on this last point of the contract, for when the gun was taken I swore I would have it back within six months. I had the pleasure of escorting our prisoners to Sedgwick's camp, and of receiving the cannon and the prisoners held by the enemy there, in exchange. Nothing further occurred of note for some time, until one day I got a message from Major Sedgwick, which read something like this:

"LECOMPTON,——. *Dear Captain:* I am coming down to-day with 600 men, six pieces of artillery and a United States marshal to arrest you, Sam Tappan, General Lane, and Sam Wood. I shall reach and surround Lawrence at about two o'clock P. M. You fellows had better get into the bush, and stay there till I am gone.
Yours fraternally, SEDGWICK.'

"I told the boys what was up. Lane went down and hid on the island, and Wood and Tappan crawled into the Emigrant Aid boiler, which stood below where the jail stands now. At the appointed time the United States troops appeared on Mount Oread. A line of pickets shot off to the north, and then to the south; six cannons were planted along the brow of the hill, and the gunners stood with lighted matches. Presently we saw the marshal and a posse of fifty men riding into town. With him were Captain Wood and Captain Chittenden. The marshal did not know me, and, while he read his warrants aloud to the assembled citizens, I went up and shook hands with the boys, many of whom I knew quite well. The marshal did not get much satisfaction out of that crowd. One told him that Lane had just gone out on the California road with a cannon under each arm; another had seen Wood pulling off down the Kaw toward Kansas City; a third accompanied Walker four miles south the night before, and left him in a haystack there. Presently an egg came whizzing round the corner of Wesley Duncan's store and struck the marshal square in the breast; another, and then another, till the air was full. The fire was too heavy, and so the marshal withdrew. I took supper with Sedgwick that evening, and we had a hearty laugh over the day's proceedings.

"On about the 1st of September, 1856, General Lane, returning from the pursuit of General Read, who fled from Bull creek, determined to release the prisoners at Lecompton. He took 400 infantry and advanced toward the enemy's camp by the river road; the mounted men he gave to me, with orders to ride up on the California road, drive the border ruffians from their camp near Clark's place back to Lecompton, and, if possible, get in between them and the United States encampment. I succeeded in carrying out my intentions to the letter, and drew up in line of battle near Lecompton, where the graveyard is now. Lane marched from Lawrence to Lecompton in three hours, and formed his men on the bluff east of town. His guns commanded everything, and, if he had ordered a general assault at once, he could have easily taken the whole bloody crowd prisoners

back to Lawrence. He preferred, however, to send in an order for those of our prisoners held by the authorities in Lecompton. The town was thoroughly frightened, and we could see them running here and there and some swimming the river to escape.

"By this time Colonel Cooke had arrived on the scene of action, with 600 soldiers and a battery of six guns. When he came in sight of my men he formed four quadrants in line and charged us, sword in hand. I said to my men: 'Sit still and do n't make a move; we have done nothing, and they dare not ride over us.' The colonel, seeing that we were not frightened, called a halt when he got within 100 yards of us, and riding up, he called out to me: 'Walker, what in — are you doing here?' 'We are after our prisoners,' I replied. 'How many men have you?' 'About 400 foot and 200 horseback.' 'Well, I have 600 men and six cannon, and you can't fight here—except with me.' 'I don't care a d— how many men you have; we are going to have our prisoners, or a big fight!' 'Do n't make a fool of yourself, Walker; you can't fight here. Show me to General Lane.'

"We rode off together. As soon as Cooke was seen on the bluff the United States marshal dashed up and ordered him to arrest General Lane and myself, for whom he had warrants. 'Go to —, or rather go back to your camp,' was the brief but emphatic response. 'I can't go alone; these men will shoot me on sight,' whimpered the marshal. 'I will go with you,' said I. 'I can get you through the lines safe.' Lane had his pickets and skirmishers thrown forward clear into town. Passing through the pickets, they all asked if they might shoot Cramer. The latter was terribly frightened and was as white as a cloth.

"Lane refused to see Colonel Cooke at all, and demanded that the prisoners be given up before he would retire. Cooke rode to Lecompton, and returned, saying that the prisoners would be given up and the militia would disband and go home. As soon as the prisoners arrived at Lane's camp, the general returned to Lawrence and the United States troops returned to camp."

ALMERIN GILLETT.

ALMERIN GILLETT was born in Ontario county, New York, May 24, 1838, and, when three years old, was taken by his parents to Wisconsin, in which state he lived until 1866. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1861, and immediately began the study of law.

In 1862 he was commissioned as captain and raised a company of volunteers, which was accepted as company D, Twentieth Wisconsin infantry, in August of that year. He was wounded at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., December 7, 1862; served as ordnance officer of the second division, Thirteenth army corps from October, 1863, till January, 1864; commanded a battalion of mounted infantry at Brownsville, Tex., May and June, 1864; and was chief picket officer of General Granger's command in southern Alabama during the fall and winter of 1864, and received the honor of promotion to major at the muster-out of his regiment, in August, 1865.

After the war he returned to Madison, Wis., and resumed the study of law in the office of Hon. Wm. F. Vilas, and was admitted to the bar in December, 1865.

He was married to Miss Eugenia Chapman, daughter of Doctor Chapman, of Madison, Wis., and in the spring of 1866 removed to Emporia, Kan., and cast his lot with the young and growing West.